

Fables of
Everyday Folks

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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The Misunderstood Husband.

ONCE upon a time there was a husband. He was of the MISUNDERSTOOD variety.

He told you and me and all of us that he was misunderstood. That's how we knew it. Yet he made a "secret" of it—the kind of a secret that a friend tells ANOTHER friend.

He had married his wife away back in the EARLY days, when many a one might have said "I knew you when!" Those early days when she took him for better or for worse. The days when there wasn't much to "go on"—the days when with difficulty she had kept the debt side of the household ledger from running away with the credit side. The days when NECESSITY was really the mother of invention and the mother-in-law of prevention.

For, many times she had to do WITHOUT many things that might have been hers had she married one of her OTHER suitors. But, of course, HE did not think of THAT. That was a thing of long ago.

The times when she bore his fancies and follies—the times when she listened patiently to ways and means of doing this, that and the other thing for the ultimate means of SUCCESS. And now when success had come, to a certain degree (and she was largely responsible for it), things were a little DIFFERENT.

He found other interests, new ideals (whatever that is) and she belonged somewhat to the PAST—the part of the past that was not easy to forgive. And there, I am sorry to say, is an ofttime human quality—this not forgiving the HELPER of our success.

So this man was forever harping about his wife not understanding him. He also carried that sanctimonious, saint-like air of DESPAIR. He wore the mask of SELF-PITY until he imagined himself entirely too good for anything or anybody in the wide, wide world.

Indeed, he was a real martyr. "My

wife doesn't understand me," was his favorite cry, and no greater joy did he have than pouring into the ear of some one the daily cross of his existence.

For, a misunderstood husband has the SYMPATHY of all the widows and old maids, while a misunderstood wife is looked upon with SUSPICION (but fortunately there are few of the latter).

One day the misunderstood husband forgot his mental ailment in an affliction of the body. That is to say, he became ill. It was not a malady that kept him away from folk. But he was not a so-called "well man." He circulated among his friends as usual, but strange to say, they did not receive him in the same CORDIAL way as they were wont.

To them he had become "grouchy"—even the very ones to whom he had poured out those maudlin, "misunderstood" murmurings rather AVOIDED him.

Secretly they called him a CRANK. Now, he did not laugh with the world, and the world WOULD NOT weep with him.

But the little woman, she UNDERSTOOD—she knew, she knew. She quietly did many things for him, perfectly as a matter of course, and only because she understood him only TOO well.

She remembered his creature comforts and the little wishes that he had had in all the years. She did not overlook them now, but she LOOKED OVER many other things she was the real survival in the game of the FITTEST.

For she was taking the better with the worse as none OTHER would.

So it came to pass that he awoke one morning to find that even those who had agreed with him that he was misunderstood found it agreeable now to leave him SEVERELY alone.

But he saw the one UNFAILING one. She who had misunderstood him was right there "on the job." Then a ray of appreciation pierced his martyr-like attitude and a sense of understanding came almost unconsciously.

He was sorry that it had not come earlier. For those who had listened to him were as the froth of the sea as compared to the undercurrent of real STRENGTH. The froth disappeared, but the undercurrent went on from the time it had first started.

MORAL: IF YOU WANT TO KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MISUNDERSTOOD HUSBAND ASK THE UNDERSTANDING WIFE.

Toddlers

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By P. L. Crosby



As They Looked a Quarter Century Ago

Mrs. Lillie Langtry—Mrs. Brown Potter.

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ABOUT twenty-five years ago the rivalry between the Jersey Lily and Cora Urquhart Potter began, and for several seasons nothing interested "up to date" New Yorkers more than stories of their jealousy.

Both beauties profited by the supposed bitterness of feeling between them, and only the Prince of Wales suffered.



For the admiration the subsequent and late King Edward was supposed to entertain for both women was, to their theatrical adventures, as the milk bath to Anna Held's.

The accompanying photograph of Mrs. Langtry, taken in 1887, is of poignant interest in connection with the one preserving the beauty that was Mrs. Brown Potter's in 1890.

Little Chapters on the Presidents.

VI.—Personal Odds and Ends.

WASHINGTON, Johnson, Lincoln, Johnson and Cleveland are the Presidents who were not college men.

Buchanan was the only bachelor President who remained so, Cleveland marrying while in office.

Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams and Andrew Johnson were the only Presidents who were not college men.

Washington, in eight years as President, took 131 days to himself.

Jefferson, John Adams and Monroe all died on the Fourth of July—the first two in 1826.

Washington and Jackson were the only Presidents to deliver Farewell Addresses.

Van Buren was the first President not born a British subject.

Cleveland was sworn in as Governor and as President on a Bible given to him by his mother in 1862.

Betty Vincent's
Advice to Lovers

Winning Him Back.

IT is the silliest and most hopeless thing in the world to try to "get back" a lover.

I do not mean that if you have quarrelled with some nice young man you should refuse to do your share in making up. That is a different matter altogether. It is then simply a question of overcoming a slight disturbance in the stream of affection, not of forcing it to return into a channel from which it has been alienated.

But if a man who has been paying you attentions, has perhaps even been engaged to you, definitely decides that he prefers another girl, you must even let him "gang his ain gait." Love must be spontaneous or it is not love.

And you have to be thankful that the mistake was discovered before marriage instead of after.

to her. How should I begin the letter?" It depends on how well you know the girl. If you are not accustomed to call her by her first name, write Dear Miss.

"S. D." writes: "My employer often takes me to his home, and I have met his daughter. But I am generally talking business, and it seems difficult to get acquainted with her. How shall I manage it?"

Why not speak to your employer about it, and ask him if he has any objection to your paying other than business calls?

A Fickle Friendship.

"A. B." writes: "A young man has been paying me attentions for three years, but I have now left me for a girl friend. Should I try to make up with him?"

No, he isn't worth it. Let him go.

How N. Y.
Streets Got
Their Names

No. X.—GREENWICH STREET.

WHEN Greenwich Village was a health resort and an exclusive residence quarter it was situated at some distance northwest of New York City. A wide and much-travelled road connected the village with the city.

This road was called Greenwich street after Greenwich Village. The village itself was named for an estate on whose site it was built. The estate originally belonged to Admiral Sir Peter Warren, who retired to it after a career of naval warfare. There he built for himself a huge mansion that stood in the block now bounded by Bleeker, Tenth, Charles and Perry streets. This was Warren's country seat. His town house was at No. 1 Broadway.

Warren named his estate Greenwich in memory of Greenwich, England. When the grounds were broken up into streets and building lots, the rural estate that sprang into existence on the old estate kept the early name and was known as Greenwich Village.

Here, when contagious fevers scourged New York, people would come with their families for purer air and rustic surroundings. For the benefit of business men who wished to go back and forth from the city, a stage coach made two daily trips between the village and Wall street.

A young man to escort her to a dance should she not provide the carriage?" I suppose you are referring to a leap-year ball. In that case the girl makes all the arrangements.

"M. R." writes: "I refused to see or write to my fiancée because of a friend told me about him. Yet I find I still love him. What shall I do?"

You were wrong to judge the young man on hearsay evidence. You should give him a chance to defend himself.

A. V. writes: "It is proper for a young lady to attend a dance with a young man without a chaperon?"

You should follow the custom of the young people with whom you associate in such a matter.

P. W. writes: "Who should set the date for our wedding, my fiancée or myself?"

It is always the privilege of the woman.

"P. B." writes: "When a girl asks

me to marry her, should I say 'Yes' or 'No'?"

Yes, if you love her.

Sandman Stories

Written and Illustrated
By Eleanor Schorer.

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The Day's
Good Stories

Knew the Reason.

"PAPA," said the hopeful youth, "can you tell me what is natural philosophy?"

"Of course I can," said papa, "and I will tell you what it is. It is the science of the things that are not." "But I don't see how that can be," said the youth, "for everything is a thing."

"That's just it," said papa, "it is the science of the things that are not. It is the science of the things that are not."

A Lesson on Politeness.

A STORY about Mrs. Talt, who recently arrived in Washington, says the Washington Post.

Mrs. Talt, at a diplomatic dinner, had for a neighbor a distinguished French traveler who boasted a little family in the nation's capital.

"We French," he proudly declared, "are the politest people in the world. Every one knows it. You Americans are a remarkable nation, but the French are the politest."

The Delay.

By Cora M. W. Greenleaf.

THEY tell me pain grows dull in time.

I wonder if it's true? How can it grow less keen, beloved, in life bereft of you?

I'm waiting patiently, God knows I try to be so strong.